Volume C No. 4 March 29, 1974 50 cents

commonweal

Fiftieth Anniversary Year

JOSEPH P. CARNEY

LIBERATING PORTUGUESE AFRICA

PETER FREIBERG RETREAT FROM BOOMTOWN • **PETER HEBBLETHWAITE** BISHOPS IN BONDAGE • **COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.** THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH • **RICHARD L. SCHOENWA** HISTORY & THE HISTORIAN • **GERARD REI** C. S. LEWIS' IMAGES • **LEONARD KRIEGE** CASE OF LITERARY MALINGERING • **ROB LEITER** CORMAC McCARTHY'S NEW NOVE **WILLIAM E. MAY** MENNINGER'S SIN • **PETER STEINFELS** FROM WATERGATE TO WHERE?

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NEWS & VIEWS

Whither the Weather?

Not many have gotten around yet to taking seriously the warnings of scientists that some drastic climate changes are occurring globally. Most prefer to think that it is merely temporary phenomena that account for new weather patterns, not just in Asia and Africa, where the monsoon rains have detoured, but in England, where a cooling trend has allegedly shortened the average growing season by two weeks since 1950.

The minimizers may be right, of course. The world may be only passing through a nasty weather phase, one that will right itself next year, next week, tomorrow.

If you want some sobering counter-opinion, however, check out Tom Alexander's piece in the February *Fortune*. He rustles up some strong scientific theories that the world is returning, if not to a new little ice age, then to the inhospitable weather of the last century, when midsummer snows were known to devastate New England agriculture on occasion. (In this context, Alexander recalled last August's eight-inch snow on the western wheat fields of Canada.)

According to Alexander's research, the weather for nearly half of the current century has been the most benign of any period in at least a thousand years—much too blessed to last indefinitely, particularly in North America. He cites one scientist as saying that "the probability of getting another 15 consecutive years" in the U.S. as good as the past 15 "is about one in 10,000."

The change in weather patterns is ascribed in the main to the vagaries of what scientists call the "circumpolar vortex"—the meeting of the westerly winds and the polar air mass, which sends out "waves" and determines the warmth and cold of vast regions of the earth, as well as which get rain and which don't. The warmish winters in the Eastern U.S. over the past few years are seen due to a southward projection of one of these waves.

The difficulty appears to be that "the circumpolar vortex is acting a little as though it were winter all year round, refusing to contract poleward and smooth itself out."

If the situation does not right itself, the effects could be "massively tragic," according to Alexander. He envisions persistent droughts in Central Africa, the Middle East and India, and continued cooling trends in areas of the Northern Hemisphere.

One effect predicted for the United States is a return of heavier rainfall in the Western plains and the Rocky Mountain states, a circumstance that could cut down grain production and contribute to flooding as far distant as the Mississippi Valley.

What do you do about all this? You hope the climatologists are all wet—and you cross your fingers for luck.

Sisters in France

A study of French Sisterhoods reveals a sharp drop over the last four years in the number of Sisters and religious houses, but a qualitative rise in the formation of Sisters and a mushrooming of small communities comprising four or five nuns.

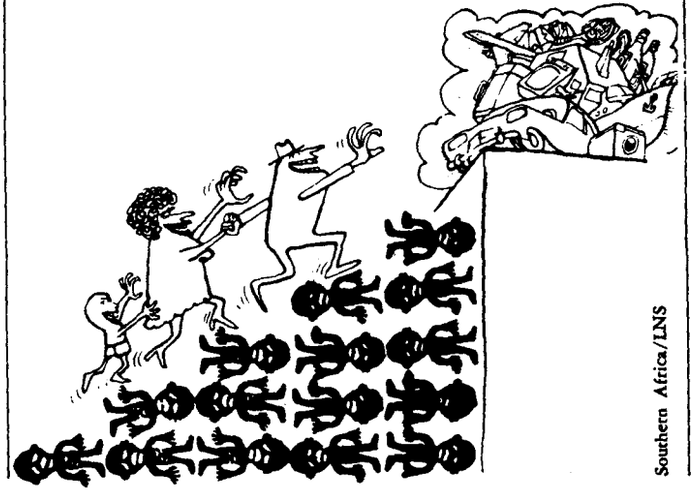
Since 1969, the Sisterhoods have lost 9,200 members (from 109,900 in 1969 to 100,700 in 1973), and the number of novices is down from 1,399 to 519. At the same time no less than 1,435 religious houses have closed or regrouped, principally schools, hospices and clinics.

Seen offsetting this, however, are the establishment of more than 1,000 pocket communities and the upgrading of the professional and apostolic competencies of the Sisters.

According to a survey by the director of the study-center *Economie et Humanisme*, Father Luchini, one-fifth of the Sisters in active religious life in France underwent important changes over the past several years.

"The number of higher professional degrees and of elementary-school diplomas has increased. While there are fewer nurses and teachers, the number of family workers, infant-care specialists, therapists, social workers, practicing psychologists and nurses' aides has multiplied," he noted.

Father Luchini recorded a tendency among Sisters to take jobs in private enterprises independent of their religious communities, and also found that a majority of French Sisters are over age 50. Nevertheless, he concluded, "there remain in the Church in France no less than 30,000 Sisters who have received a religious formation and have at their command a social and professional competence which constitute live forces of the first importance in so far as they are totally available to dedicate themselves to the service of society and the Church."



Southern Africa/LNS

Russian Bishops

The Catholic episcopacy is virtually extinct in the USSR, according to the Parisian journal *Informations Catholiques Internationales:*

"There is no longer a single Catholic bishop living in freedom (except perhaps in secret). One remains in prison, the former auxiliary of Cardinal Slipyj, Bishop Welytchkowski, arrested in 1969 for illegal exercise of his Catholic ministry. Four others live abroad in exile: Cardinal Slipyj (82) and Bishop Katkoff (58), prelates of the Latin rite, in Rome; Bishop Sloskans of Mohilev, (80), in Louvain, and Bishop Sipovic (60), ordinary of exiled Byelorussians, in London."

Odds and Ends

—Irish playwright Brian Friel on Irish censorship and the put-upon Irish writer: "Oh, that ridiculous censorship is on its way out. It still exists but it's a dying animal, a bureaucratic vestige, and I think people make too much of expatriate Irish writers anyway. It's in the nature of writers to detach themselves, to stand a bit apart from their source, and I think that if so many have emigrated to England, it's choice rather than necessity. . . . Look at all the American writers who lived in Europe in the '20s. And even now. Nobody speaks of them as exiles."

—A reporter for the *Yonkers Herald Statesman* called Manhattan College to inquire whether the school had a policy for dealing with potential streakers. "Well," said a spokesman, "I guess since this is a Catholic college, we'll have to turn the other cheek." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Feeding the Hungry

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I think Ms. Lappe makes an irrefutable case that the world could support more people if goods were better divided. [Feb. 8]. But who needed to be convinced? They aren't justly divided. It would be naive to think they will be soon. In the meantime—probable famine. Outsiders will look with sympathy and compassion as Catholics wrestle with their theological opposition to birth control. The starvation in the next 12 months could be the greatest calamity in the history of mankind if food, fuel, fertilizer and fertility aren't adjusted.

RICHARD L. STROUT
The Christian Science Monitor

Food for Thought

Bethlehem, Pa.

To the Editors: The right mood, sufficient time, and a touch of intellectual starvation all converged to give me an opportunity to digest the last few issues of *Commonweal*. "Busy"ness had me on a reading diet and I was suffering from theological malnutrition. Thanks for your articles on hunger and poverty [Feb. 8]. They provoked indigestion because they left me uneasy and disturbed at my own complacency.

Renew my subscription. Continue the menu. Someday we may all discover what bread and Eucharist is all about.

[REV.] JOHN WILLIAM WARD

Beyond Belief

Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editors: Commonweal Magazine has dealt women a low blow in the Steinfels' hatchet job [Feb. 1] on Dr. Mary Daly's book, *Beyond God the Father*. Margaret O'Brien Steinfels' so-called "review" of *Beyond God the Father* was no review at all. It was a blind (and deliberate?) refusal to try

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COMMONWEAL *A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.*
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
Printed in the USA and published weekly,
except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1974 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada: $14 a year. Foreign $16. Single copies 50c

AMNESTY

As far as we can tell, not many still want to try Richard M. Nixon as a war criminal for such acts as the Christmas terror-bombing of the Vietnamese civilian population. The whole cast of characters out of the Pentagon Papers is going about its business scot-free and full of public honor. General Westmoreland has retired heavy with medals and is almost forgotten on the national scene. Indeed, the only war criminal the papers talk about any more is Lt. Calley, and that only because a civilian judge found restriction to a military apartment too confining for a man who had, after all, only been found guilty of massacring 22 Vietnamese women and children in cold blood.

War criminals are safe enough, then. But the debate on amnesty goes on. There was a long list of witnesses before the House subcommittee that is considering the issue of amnesty for Vietnam-era draft evaders and deserters. Lead-off witness was a man who must surely be a typical voice for middle America, Senator Robert Taft Jr. He at least disagreed with the Administration contention that action by Congress would intrude on the President's power to pardon, saying: "There can be no question that Congress has the Constitutional authority." His recommendation: creation of a board to consider amnesty for draft-evaders on a case-by-case basis. According to a bill of which he is the author, a board would be set up to review the applications of young men who wished to earn immunity from prosecution by agreeing to do two years alternative service or two years in the armed forces.

Following Senator Taft to the witness chair was Robert F. Froehlke, Army Secretary under President Nixon in the closing stages of the Vietnam war. A former opponent of amnesty, Mr. Froehlke has now changed his mind; the United States, he said, must show mercy to the young men who fled the country rather than fight in Vietnam "because the draft and the killing is over." Draft resisters, in his view, had made a serious mistake which should now be forgiven because of their youth. "Amnesty must not be approached from vindictiveness but rather from the standpoint of a just and generous nation dealing mercifully with a relatively small number of men who made a serious error," Mr. Froehlke said. His recommendation: amnesty that is made conditional on draft resisters' duty for three months

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in the peacetime military or in public service projects such as the Peace Corps, hospitals or churches. The relatively short period for such service, Mr. Froehlke said, would indicate that vindictveness is not a factor in the national treatment of draft resisters. Draft evaders who were sentenced to prison, he said, should be granted a full pardon and their time behind bars should be considered service to the country. Deserters, he held, should be treated on a case-by-case basis.

Mr. Froehlke's proposal is much better than Senator Taft's, and he is not alone in changing his mind in this matter. There is no doubt that a shift is taking place in public opinion on amnesty. According to the Harris poll, a slim plurality of the American people now favor amnesty with a public service proviso. Although the bulk of public opinion is still against unconditional amnesty, opposition to it has dropped by 11 points in the last year; significantly, young people under 30 favor it by 47-42 percent. There is, of course, die-hard oppostion to amnesty in any form, reflected among the witnesses before the House subcommittee by a spokesman for the Non-Commissioned Officers' Association who described those eligible for amnesty as "criminals." Predictably also, the Pentagon said that amnesty would be injurious to military discipline. Contrasting with such negative views, however, were the comments of Joseph L. Rauh Jr., vice-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. Mr. Rauh castigated what he called the "outrageous and absurd position" of the Nixon Justice Department that Congress lacked authority to act, and he urgently argued for Congressional support not for the Taft or the Froehlke proposals but for unconditional amnesty, straight-out amnesty with no ifs, ands or buts.

Of all the witnesses heard that day, then, it was Mr. Rauh who best expressed our views in this matter. Those who conscientiously opposed an increasingly cruel and pointless war are not criminals asking for our forgiveness; on the contrary their conduct reflected great honor on their families, their country and themselves, and our national attitude toward them should in turn reflect this fact. As the headlines testify every day, we have failed miserably to achieve national pacification in Vietnam; let us at least bring peace and reconciliation to our own country.

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CHURCH AND CROWN

BISHOPS IN BONDAGE

Recently the Church of England made a modest bid for freedom. At its February Synod meeting it took a decisive step towards freeing itself from Parliamentary control of its worship and doctrine. The odd thing is that this freedom has to be conceded by Parliament, but it is expected to pass without difficulty or delay the Church of England (Worship and Doctrine) Measure. The wounds of 1928 still rankle. In that year of misfortunes Parliament refused to allow the church to introduce its new Prayer Book. A Parliament which included Dissenters and Roman Catholics, agnostics and tepid Anglicans, laid down the law for the Church of England. It seemed absurd. "Since Cranmer's time," wrote the then Bishop of Durham, "was there ever a darker outlook for the Church of England?"

In practice the Bishop need not have worried quite so much since an Anglican compromise provided a solution: it was recognized that while Parliament had the power to withhold recognition from the Church of England's forms of worship, it could do nothing to stop their actually being used. But now in 1974 practice and theory are to be harmonized. The Church of England will have the freedom of worship that any church must claim.

But its freedom will still not be complete. It has only the most indirect and slender control over the appointment of its own bishops. The interference by Franco in the appointment of Spanish bishops is as nothing compared with the British government's role in naming Anglican bishops. This anomalous situation is, of course, the result of history, and it is the price paid for Establishment. "Establishment" means that the Church of England has certain privileges which bring it money and status. It contributes twenty-one bishops to the House of Lords, has a special role on national occasions, and holds certain key academic posts in the ancient universities. But these ambiguous advantages are purchased at the price of state control. Not all monarchs have been so frank as Queen Elizabeth I in declaring that bishops were their own creatures. She wrote to one of them:

> Proud Prelate,
>
> You know what you were before I made you what you now are. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God.

Since then the personal interest in these questions of monarchs and Prime Ministers has varied. Queen Victoria used to enjoy spending hours vetting possible candidates. Winston Churchill in 1942 took time off from Hitler to oppose the appointment of Dr. William Temple to Canterbury on the grounds that he was a socialist, and only gave way in the end because—as Churchill

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growled—"he was the only sixpenny article in a penny bazaar." The present Queen follows the advice of the Prime Minister, but in 1961 when controversy raged over who should be the next Archbishop of Canterbury, she gave the "constitutional reply": "Let the senior man have it." In this way Michael Ramsey came to be Archbishop of Canterbury and began to exhibit his splendid eyebrows on the world's television screens.

But if the Queen follows the advice of the Prime Minister, whose advice does the Prime Minister follow? For many years this was a well-guarded secret. Then it was revealed that a certain Mr. W. Saumerez Smith was the Prime Minister's appointments secretary and that in pursuit of his arduous duties he traveled up and down the country incognito testing possible candidates. His mode of action seemed more appropriate to a sleuth than to an appointments secretary, but those who found him out—and they were many—bear witness to his friendliness and sincerity. Some Anglicans argue that it is better to trust his carefully compiled *dossiers* than the unreliable memories or hasty impressions of bishops. To leave the appointments in the hands of existing bishops would be to perpetuate a club which would co-opt only the like-minded.

But Saumerez Smith does not have it all his own way. A procedure was devised to allow the diocese to play a humble part in the appointment of bishops. When a diocese becomes vacant, the suffragan (or auxiliary) bishop forms a Vacancy-in-See Committee made up of clergy and laity. Its function is to consider and formulate the needs of the diocese. It is not forbidden to mention names. It may even get the man it asks for. But Vacancy-in-See Committees have very little knowledge of possible candidates outside their own or neighboring diocese, and so tend to propose sound men and especially suffragan bishops. But then, as Rev. Trevor Beeson remarked, "the dioceses themselves and the bench of bishops as a whole will be lacking in first-class minds" (a consideration which has never deterred Roman Catholics, one has to admit).

But sometimes the trouble is not so much the limited vision of the local church as the need for balance on the national level. Thus in 1972 Dr. Launcelot Fleming retired from the See of Norwich after a remarkably creative episcopate in this vast rural area. The 'identi-kit' portrait produced by the Vacancy-in-See Committee stressed the obvious requirements—openness to new theological tendencies, ability to encourage men who were often struggling in lonely pastoral posts—and added another: the setting up in Norwich of the new University of East Anglia suggested the need for a bishop who would be able to hold his own in the intellectual world. In the end Norwich got a zealous conservative evangelical, Prebendary Maurice Wood who, apart from being a naval chaplain, had worked exclusively in urban parishes and had modest intellectual pretensions. That was not what Norwich had ordered, and the appointment was made because an evangelical voice was needed on the bench of bishops. Alleged "national" considerations prevailed over the needs of the local church.

Such situations will recur as long as Establishment continues. And it will continue as long as the claim can be plausibly sustained that the Church of England is the "Folk Church" of the country, for that provides an argument for letting it hallow the great national moments of disaster or triumph, and baptizing, marrying and burying the great mass of the English who would be very disturbed if they thought that anything had happened to God. If it manifestly ceases to be the Folk Church, then disestablishment will follow, not without rending.

What few Anglicans have advocated is the direct election of bishops. The reason for their hesitation here is that the Church of England has a "mixed tradition," that it claims to be "both Catholic and Reformed"—which led to Newman's devastating phrase about its being a better nurse than a mother. An election and a campaign would bring the divisions out into the public arena and reopen old wounds which at the moment are not so much healed as ignored. The Catholic and Evangelical groups can get along in relatively peaceful coexistence as long as issues are allowed to lie dormant.

The same can be said of the church's relations with the state. It all began in 597 when Augustine arrived in Kent and baptized King Ethelbert at Canterbury on Whitsunday. The intertwined destinies of church and state had something of value. After so long, a divorce would be awful to contemplate, especially since the old couple do not quarrel and have worked out a decent practical arrangement. After all, the Church of England would lose its appeal if it displayed no sense of paradox.

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE

(Peter Hebblethwaite is former editor of the Jesuit publication, The Month.)

COMING

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ writes about Watergate and the Europeanization of American politics:

"The foresight of the founding fathers, the authors of the Federalist papers such as Madison, Jay, Adams and Jefferson, was enough to make one believe in miracles. But there was one great fly in the ointment. The founding fathers of the Constitution predicted everything, and staked everything, on the belief that those who rule, although chosen by the people and hence not always brilliant, would at the very least be honest. And it is the age of the politician as an honest man, in the Montesquieu sense of *l'esprit des lois*, that came crashing down with Watergate."

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FROM WATERGATE TO WHERE?

PETER STEINFELS

PRESIDENT Nixon came into office with three general ambitions. The first was to make his mark in foreign relations. The second was to stabilize America, essentially by reversing the verdict of 1960: Kennedy had promised "to get this country moving again," and in that shiny promise, Nixon believed, was the germ which had produced eight years of turmoil. In effect, Nixon wanted to slow this country down again. In doing so, he would pursue his third ambition: to break the hold of the New Deal establishment which had dominated national politics for over three decades and to replace it with an enduring Republican-led establishment of moderates and conservatives.

The New Deal establishment has always played a crucial role in the mythology of Republicans, particularly of the conservative, McCarthyite Republicans from whose ranks Richard Nixon emerged and which schooled many of the men he brought to Washington. Patrick Buchanan has recently described it as a sinister combination of academics, labor, foundations, big-city machines, national news media and Eastern Seaboard wealth. Twenty years ago, he would have added fellow-travelers, pinkos, etc. The main point, of course, is that its grip on American politics has been somehow illegitimate, its innovations bordering on the unconstitutional if not traitorous. Since these Republicans have always considered themselves the genuine representatives of a sort of *pays réel*, how else explain the Democrats' success except by their partisan exploitation of the federal levers of power? The tale of how Roosevelt "tricked" the country into World War II was crystallization, in miniature, of this larger outlook. Against such an enemy, why not fight fire with fire? Especially when, making the temptation all the more irresistible, ideology coincided nicely with (a) the ethics of the business world from whence so many Nixon men issued, and (b) the privileges and powers of a "security" apparatus grown thick on the compost of the Cold War.

By 1972 Nixon had succeeded in his first ambition—though history may record this not as the era when the U.S. built bridges to Russia and China but as the time when we dismantled our bridges to Europe and Japan. In any case, the President's foreign triumphs may have assured him of re-election long before the McGovern nomination. As for his second ambition, Nixon scored about a B-minus. He could not rally his own troops to launch Moynihan's new era of income supports. But he did isolate blacks on the bussing issue and paralyzed the anti-war radicals with legal harassment. He just managed to keep his head above the rising tide of peace sentiment by a politically adroit, if morally bankrupt, "management" of the war issue. What other means were employed to undermine and divert political militancy we will discover only when the recenty revealed F.B.I. project on infiltration and disruption of black and radical activities is fully investigated.

As for Nixon's third ambition, the 1972 landslide put it within reach. And now Watergate has put it out of reach. A certain witty Irish-American ambassador is rumored to have remarked that Nixon has done for conservatism what Stalin did for Communism.

Republican ideologists like Buchanan are understandably incensed about this. They see the "flap over Watergate" as the New Deal establishment's effort to protect itself. In a sense, they are absolutely right. The battle *is* political. The whole constellation of activities now exposed occurred because the Administration was willing to manipulate illegal snooping, forging, passing of funds, and exercise of executive power in order to assure its command of the federal government. The Administration's opponents are determined that it not get away with this.

The result, at present, is a vacuum. Politically the President is already defeated, as the U.S. was for years in Vietnam; but like the U.S. in Vietnam, he won't withdraw. Nixon is in decline, but nothing is rising to take his place. The New Deal establishment was itself shattered by the war in Vietnam and the racial conflict of the '60s. The Democratic party, once so badly, if needlessly, divided, is slowly but surely being reassembled, as David S. Broder reports in an excellent account in the March *Atlantic*; but it is still a party uncertain about what it stands for, a party which has yet to articulate a consensus on the remaining issues of the '60s—poverty, racial equality, America's international role —let alone on the issues of the '70s —inflation, energy, ecology, détente, and the demand for political participation by "forgotten Americans."

Nor is Congress as a whole ready and able to fill the vacuum. We are about to have it demonstrated that a weak Executive branch does not necessarily imply a strong Congress.

Supposing that the President, assisted by Mr. St. Clair, continues in his strategy of attrition, then the first political resolution of Watergate will come with the November elections. The chances for a democratic sweep are good, though there are two obvious limitations. First, Mr. Nixon brought in few Congressmen on his coattails and the Democrats already hold a considerable margin in the House: that means that not many currently G.O.P. districts are so "soft" as to be had for the asking. Second, a fair number of the Administration's voting allies in the House are already Democrats; they will be safer than ever. Nonetheless, the Democrats' opportunity is at hand. What will they do?

The Nixon Presidency has ended. We are now either at a splendid moment of new beginnings—or the longest period of lame duckedness the country has ever had to survive.

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LIBERATING PORTUGUESE AFRICA

JOSEPH P. CARNEY

A crisis point for U.S. policy and Catholic Church teaching on social justice

The wars of liberation in the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique, Angola and Guinea-Bissau in Africa are building to a crisis point for both the United States foreign policy and the Catholic Church's teaching on social justice.

The populations of Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau are more than 96 percent native African. Mozambique has an African population of 7,176,000 and 150,000 whites; Angola 5,528,000 Africans and 350,000 whites; while Guinea-Bissau has an African population of 800,000 and 3,000 whites. 3.6 percent of the total populations are Portuguese and less than 1 percent of the populations are *assimulados,* those Africans who have been "privileged" to be assimilated into Portuguese culture and citizenship.

Portugal's five-hundred-year history in Africa offers a certain perspective to understand the psychological maladjustment of the Portuguese national identity to its colonial endeavors in Africa. The white man's missionary burden to "Christianize and educate, to nationalize and civilize" was often summed up for Portugal in the three C's of Commerce, Civilization and Christianity. The tragic slave system from the 15th century to 1830, the forced labor system from 1830 to 1960, and the contract "volunteer" labor system of present times, all make one realize that it was and is the first C of Commerce, which pinpoints Portugal's identity in Africa.

The exploitation of slavery and a forced labor system for commercial reasons in past times speak for themselves, but it is interesting to note that Portugal's *per capita* income of £ 70-84, which has long been the lowest in Western Europe, can only be maintained with the aid of strict mercantile relationships of the African "overseas provinces" with the mother country. The excellent African natural wealth of rubber, diamonds, oil, iron ore, as well as palm oil, peanuts, sugar, cotton, coffee, sisal and other resources, plus the essential factor of the cheap human labor provide an export-import relation of raw goods and finished products without which Portugal would not be able to sustain her national economy.

The basic socio-political structure which enables Portugal to maintain such economic domination of its colonies is one of military suppression, whitewashed with a political strategy of assimilation. Assimilation refers to that official recognition of a man in the Lusitanian community with the so-called "privileges" of being Portuguese citizens, who even though they were born and raised in the "overseas" provinces of Mozambique, Angola and Guinea-Bissau are able to vote in the Lisbon elections, a dubious distinction at best as far as democracies go. To be "assimilated" a person must be 18 years of age, speak fluent Portuguese, have a guaranteed yearly income, submit certificates of birth, residence, health, education and loyalty to the Portuguese government, various character witnesses and registration taxes. Less than a total of 1 percent of the *total* African population in three countries have been assimilated.

Military suppression is basically effected by Portugal by the maintenance of 150,000 Portuguese troops in these three countries and an annual military expenditure of $400,000,000+, which exceeds 50 percent of its annual budget. In 1961 African nationalists began wars of national liberation in the three countries. The African

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Party for the independence of Guinea and Cape Verde (PAIGC) now controls three-fifths of the small nation of Guinea-Bissau (which was proclaimed an independent state from within the country by leaders of PAIGC on September 24, 1973). The Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO) controls two of the northern provinces of Mozambique and the Peoples Movement of the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) is active in guerrilla warfare in 40 percent of that nation. Portugal could not maintain its war of suppression against these liberation movements without the sympathetic understanding and active aid of its allies in NATO and the economic investments of private capitalism.

U.S. Policy

United States foreign policy in Africa has traditionally followed the lead of her European allies in that sphere of influence. It might be best summed up that Washington has followed policies in Africa which pursued a goal of a minimal amount of trouble purchased with a minimum amount of time, money and energy. A low U.S. profile in Africa has followed the historical initiative and leadership of European nations and allies in NATO as they struggled to maintain political and economic stability in former African colonies during the transition periods of nationalism and independence in the past two decades. Particularly in Southern Africa verbal denouncements of the injustice of apartheid in South Africa, U.D.I. in Rhodesia, and the labor systems in Portugal Africa were followed up with a vacuum of non-action in U.S. condemnations vs. totalitarian states in Southern Africa. If one has the time, he can catalogue an American voting record at the United Nations from 1960 to the present, which abstains or votes negative on condemnations of colonial governments in Southern Africa. The pleasant exception is the year of 1962 when Adlai Stevenson was Ambassador at the UN and John F. Kennedy was the President.

One can also document more than just a vacuum of United States foreign policy toward Portugal in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau. Under the guise of being a responsible member of NATO and instrumental in the defense of Western Europe against "cold war" Communism, Portugal received from the United States in 1961, the initial year of African rebellions, $288.5 million in arms and military training. This slacked off to $34.7 million dollars in military arms during the years of 1962-1969, but the slack in exporting military equipment to Portugal was picked up by West Germany and France.

The U.S. foreign policy toward Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau changed from one of "benign neglect" to that of active interest and full cooperation with Portugal in 1971 with the signing of the Azores Base Agreement. By that executively signed agreement without Congressional approval, President Nixon granted Portugal over $436 million loans through the Export-Import Bank for a two-year renewal of the contract which allows the U.S. to use the Azores as a NASA tracking station and air base. It was a total equivalent to four times all the Export-Import Bank's assistance to Portugal since 1946. When the private investments in Cabindan oil, Angolan coffee, Mozambican cashew nuts, tourism, etc. add an additional $300 million dollars annual investment in Portuguese Africa, it means that over a two-year period, the total financial outlay from the U.S. to Portugal will reach close to $500 million annually. Portugal is now spending roughly $400 million annually for its military-security expenditures in Mozambique, Angola and Guinea-Bissau.

In the 1960's, the American policy toward Portugal in Africa was one of hesitation and ambivalence but Prime Minister Marcello Caetano in 1971 described the Azores Base Agreement in this way: "The Treaty is a political act in which the solidarity of interests between the two countries is recognized and it is in the name of that solidarity that we put an instrument of action at the disposal of our American friends, who are also now allies."

Military aid reflecting this alliance of the United States and Portugal is more specific if harder to trace and identify through the various aid programs to Portugal. The United States training of Portuguese military personnel has been a constant since 1961. Military training of the army, navy and especially air force personnel takes place both in the United States and Germany. The United States has trained over 475 Portuguese officers and men in the United States from 1968-73, and Congressman Charles C. Diggs, Chairman of the House Subcommittee on Africa, estimates that the U.S. is currently spending over $1 million a year on the training of Portuguese military personnel.

At the United Nations in 1971 only two nations voted against the banning of herbicides as a means of international warfare, the United States and Portugal. While involved in the Vietnam war itself at the time, the U.S. exported $57,330 worth of herbicides to Portugal in 1969. By 1970 $343,980 worth of herbicides were exported to Portugal with an additional $114,160 in 1971 and $150,640 in 1972. When one considers the amount of herbicides exported to Portugal, South Africa, the Portuguese governments of Angola and Mozambique from 1969-72, its total value for those three years is $10,905,087. It is not uncommon for butylester herbicide canisters with NATO markings and produced by several easily identifiable U.S. companies to be displayed to the European press by Angolan and Mozambican freedom fighters and rural farmers. Congressman Charles Rangle on June 11, 1973 introduced into the House *The Chemical Warfare Prevention Act of 1973* (H.R. 8574), to ban exportation of all herbicides to Portugal

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and South Africa. He cited the increasing volume of the sale of U.S. herbicides to Portugal and South Africa since 1969, and their use to intensify the colonial warfare in Angola and Mozambique. The bill is presently tabled before the Subcommittee on International Trade of the House Committee on Banking and Currency. The U.S. also in a major change of policy has authorized the sale of Boeing 707 aircraft to the Portuguese for the purpose of transporting troops to and from Africa. The most recent loan from the U.S. to Portugal for the purchase of a 747 Boeing Jumbo Jet was through the Export-Import Bank for a value of $12.1 million this past summer.

Portugal has recently embarked on its Third Development Plan of 1968-1973, sometimes referred to as Portugal's Second 500-year Plan in Africa. It is an elaborate development plan to systemize and order economic development at home in Portugal and in the "overseas provinces." It throws an interesting light on Portugal's view of its colonial development and the crucial role of private investment assigned to foreign capital in that investment. The Plan envisages a total

investment target of $5.85 billion, $4.3 billion in metropolitan Portugal and $1.5 billion in the "overseas provinces." Angola will receive $863.1 million of this investment and Mozambique $585.5. In Angola 57.3 percent will come from Portuguese investment sources, but only 7.9 percent (about $70 million) from the Portuguese government itself. The other 42.7 percent ($283 million) is to come from foreign sources. Major objectives of the plan are to accelerate the development of mineral resources, primarily with private money, to strengthen the basic infrastructure and to improve standards in agriculture and animal husbandry. In general, to date, fund allocations in this latter area have been given to projects involving the recent large immigration of white settlers from Portugal, while little attention has been given to the problems of traditional African agriculture.

In the struggle to maintain her colonial empire, Portugal reluctantly has had to assign a major role to foreign investors in the future of her colonies. Her own position has been reduced to that of a junior partner, while the giant companies of Western Europe and America might be called the new senior partner. Basic reading for anyone interested is the United Nations' booklet on *Foreign Economic Interests and Decolonization* (Office of Public Information, United Nations, New York, 1969.) It documents well the interlocking directories and combines of industrial corporations of Western Europe and America in exploiting the mineral resources and cheap labor of the indigenous people for enormous profits for themselves and the *status quo* of colonial governments. It maintains that:

> It is clear that the whole of Southern Africa is threatened by an interlinking system of international economic interests which support the minority colonial governments and their policies designed to perpetuate the exploitation of the indigenous inhabitants. It is evident also that the trend is towards an increasingly close relationship between foreign economic interests and the Colonial Powers, with the former granting loans and financial assistance to the latter, which in turn provide facilities for foreign capital.

Jennifer Davis has documented some 25 U.S. corporations presently at work in Angola and Mozambique, describing their basic contractual agreements with the Portuguese government, the largest being Gulf Oil Company which pays an annual royalty payment and tax of $60 million a year to Portugal for its investment in Angola. Gulf Oil Company must also promise Portugal 50 percent of its total output of crude oil, if Portugal deems it necessary in an emergency. The total private U.S. investment into the Portuguese economy is estimated at $300 million annually. When added to the $436 million promised to Portugal from 1971-73 through the U.S. Government and the Export-Import Bank in the Azores Base Agreement, the total financial outlay from the United States to Portugal reaches approximately $500 million annually—some $100 million above Portugal's military-security expenditure. (On November 28, 1973 the Arab nations in the Middle East announced an embargo on oil to Portugal, Rhodesia and South Africa. Portugal had received 80 percent of its oil supply from the Arab nations. It will be interesting to follow the demands that Portugal will now place on Gulf Oil Company in relation to a 50 percent output of crude oil. Exxon Oil Company had in 1973 negotiated with Portugal a royalty to explore for oil off its African colonies—*New York Times*, November 28, 1973.)

The role of official U.S. foreign policy and private financial capital in aiding Portugal to suppress wars of liberation in Southern Africa is little known by the American public. The press of the United States does little to feature the tragedy of Southern Africa. The black community in the U.S. is gradually becoming aware and politicized on the question through the leadership of the Black Caucus in Congress.

The conscience of Christians within the United States

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has little information and leadership on which to form a proper judgment. The World Council of Churches has long been a source of factual information about the situation and in August 1970 it gave a grant of $200,000 to the liberation movements in Southern Africa for medical facilities and educational facilities. Pope Paul VI received in audience Augustino Neto of MPLA, Marcelino dos Santos of FRELIMO and Amilcar Cabral of PAIGC, the three leaders of the liberation movements in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau in the summer of 1970. (Cabral was assassinated in Conakry, the Republic of Guinea on January 20, 1973. Marcelino dos Santos is the successor of Eduardo Mondlane who was the leader of Mozambique's FRELIMO before he was assassinated in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania on February 3, 1969.)

Paul VI's reception of the liberation leaders was perhaps only a symbolic move, but for an institution which has close religious and political links with Portugal according to the Missionary Accord of 1940 and the Missionary Statute of 1941, it was a sudden and bold departure from ordinary diplomatic channels. This past summer, Rev. Canon Burgess Carr, General Secretary of the All Africa Conference of Churches visited Pope Paul VI to discuss the Catholic Church's accord with Portugal in Africa and he also read into the *Congressional Record* of the United States the Missionary Accord of 1940 and the Missionary Statute of 1941, while testifying before the House Subcommittee on Africa on July 23, 1973. He asked the Congress to act within its power to effect the abolition of such Church-State alliances, which he regarded as basically subservient to the Portuguese government's policy of suppression in its African colonies.

On May 15, 1971 the White Father Missionaries under the leadership of their Superior General, Fr. Theo. Van Asten, withdrew 39 priests and more than 100 Brothers after 25 years of service in Mozambique in protest of the Portuguese government's policy and what they regarded as the ambiguity of the Church's position. Asten wrote at the time: "A Church of silence, a muzzled Church can remain a worthwhile sign in a regime where the Church is officially persecuted. She becomes a counter-witness in a country which openly proclaims itself Catholic and protector of the Church but in the long run uses the Church for aims which have nothing to do with the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . ."

More recently from the summer of 1971 to the present a number of Spanish and Portuguese missionaries have borne witness to the several massacres of Mozambican people. Such items receive an adequate coverage in the press of the developing world, but are scarcely mentioned in the western presses. On July 10, 1973 Father Adrian Hastings secured international headlines in the *Times* of London by releasing his statement about the massacre of 400 people in the village of Wiriyamu, Mozambique on December 16, 1972 (as testified to by the two Spanish Borgos Missionaries, Fr. Vicente Berenver and Fr. Julio Moure) by timing its release with the visit of Prime Minister Marcellos Caetano to England on the occasion of the 600th anniversary of the alliance between Portugal and England.

Father Hastings was called to testify before the United Nations on July 20, 1973 when he concluded: "The Portuguese Government is not alone in the world and I appeal to the world, particularly to those countries which regard Portugal as an ally, which share arms and military training with it, which protect its interests in the United Nations, whose commercial companies pour money into the Cabora Bassa project only a very few miles from Wiriyamu—I appeal to those countries . . . to realize that by continuing to do this, by closing their eyes to the genocidal policy of the Portuguese government . . . they have taken onto their own hands the blood of the women and children of Wiriyamu."

In August, 1973, Cardinal Bernard Alfrink, on behalf of the Dutch Bishops, wrote to Cardinal Maurice Roy, President of the Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace, to urge the Vatican to support the efforts of missionaries aiding black Africans in Mozambique. Msgr. Joseph Gremillion of Alexandria, Louisiana, and the secretary of the Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace responded in a letter to the Dutch hierarchy that Cardinal Jean Villot, the papal secretary of state, had told him that the bishops of the Portuguese African territories and the Vatican had repeatedly expressed their disapproval of all violence. Villot recalled that in July 1973 Pope Paul VI publicly defended the right of missionaries to speak out about "crimes against defenseless people." It was generally agreed that he was referring to missionary reports of massacres in Mozambique.

In the United States, the Catholic Church has not been markedly concerned about the cause of social justice in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau and the role of U.S. foreign policy. However, on March 21, 1971, the International Affairs Committee of the U.S. Catholic Conference did issue a statement to combat racial discrimination. It urged the U.S. government to cut off all military cooperation with the white minority regimes in Southern Africa and to exert the strongest possible influence to effect racial equality in that area. All Catholics responsible for investment funds were asked to use their influence to bring about reforms in South Africa, Rhodesia and Portuguese Africa. Catholics were also reminded that they have an obligation to exert their influence for justice not only in the business field but also among political leaders and government officials, as well as the media and organs of public opinion.

Almost four years later the situation in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau has only grown worse. The intensity of the wars of suppression has greatly increased. The barbarism of the Portuguese military has

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become more commonly known. African resistance and rebellion has become more organized. U.S. foreign policy and concrete military aid to Portugal has grown more favorable. The dichotomy of the independent African nations and Portugal and her allies has reached a greater chasm at the United Nations. Prophetic voices of the secular world in Africa have been speaking for fifteen years. Similar voices within the Catholic Church are just beginning to be heard in Angola, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, Portugal and the United States.

The self-interest of the United States foreign policy has arrived at a focal point of change, wherein there must be a thorough reappraisal of a policy which will build peace both in Angola, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, and also within the United States itself, where it is becoming more and more apparent that economic and political relations of the U.S. and Portugal are mitigating against justice for 96 percent of the African population. The Catholic Church must speak as one voice—lay people, clergy, hierarchy, African, Portuguese, North American, Roman—on the relation of justice and peace to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

RETREAT FROM BOOMTOWN

PETER FREIBERG

The cult of moreness comes under attack in Toronto

Perhaps more than any other North American city except Los Angeles, Toronto was the epitome of the Boomtown era of the 1950s and '60s. What had been, before the war, a small-townish city of mostly private homes was transformed into the dynamic center of an expanding metropolis that now contains 2.25 million people—more than 10 percent of all Canadians. Unlike many U.S. cities, the suburban expansion was not accompanied by economic deterioration in the central core; on the contrary, hundreds of new office towers, high-rise apartment buildings and government and institutional structures dramatically changed not only Toronto's skyline but its quality of life.

Today, a quarter century after the transformation began, the cult of moreness that is the essence of Boomtown thinking is under attack in Toronto. Development and growth have not only slowed down, but the *kind* of development and growth the city will experience in the future may be drastically different from the past. Partly, this is due to the economic downturn in Canada, along with the energy crisis. But what seems most important in Toronto is the conviction of many residents that the runaway Boomtown development to which the city has been subject threatens the stability of its neighborhoods —and therefore is dangerous to the city as a whole.

This conviction, which led to the election of a neighborhood-oriented Mayor and City Council in 1972, is based on sound evidence. Development in Toronto, as in American cities, has been geared not to social needs but to profits. Moderate-rent homes and small apartment buildings are torn down for high-rise, "luxury" towers geared to well-to-do singles. Perfectly sound office buildings are demolished because the land can be resold for enormous gains. Waterfront construction threatens to block off Lake Ontorio from the city. To funnel commuters downtown, a network of expressways was built, destroying valleys and homes and discouraging commercial and industrial growth in the suburbs. Although Toronto planners were better than their American counterparts—there has been, for example, continual subway building since World War II—they went along with the Boomtown ethos, using the alleged economic benefits as their rationale.

For years, this rationale went largely unchallenged. But by the mid-1960s, opposition was beginning to surface in Toronto. While Boomtown advocates presented the issue as development vs. no development, opponents argued that the real issue was the quality of development that would take place. Not only was much of the new development aesthetically displeasing, they said, but the social disruption it caused was driving out the city's main tax base—its middle-class families. Opponents pointed to studies showing that the cost of providing services to highrise projects equaled or surpassed the taxes received.

It did not take long for headway to be made. In one downtown neighborhood, Trefann Court, community pressure brought about the first urban renewal project in which there was significant local participation. When the old City Hall faced demolition, citizen action persuaded the city to save it. And in 1971, what had become known as the "citizens' movement" scored a major victory when the Ontario government reversed the municipal decision to build another downtown road, the Spadina Expressway. That same year, many groups involved in the

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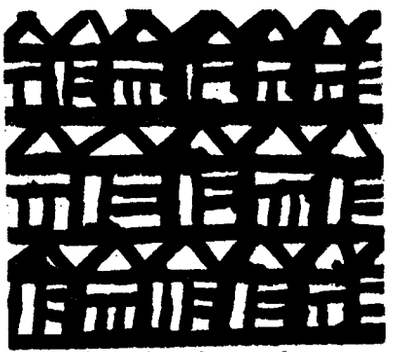
Spadina fight formed Community Organization '72 with the intention of backing pro-neighborhood candidates for the City Council.

The campaign, says James Lemon, former chairman of the Confederation of Residents and Ratepayers Assns., was "eminently successful, much more than we anticipated." CO '72-supported candidates won 11 of 23 Council posts, making it fairly easy for them to find one more vote and thereby muster a majority on most issues. David Crombie, a one-term Council member who was generally considered to be the "neighborhood" candidate, easily defeated two opponents. "The issues hit home," wrote Jack Granatstein, a neighborhood activist, in the *Toronto Citizen,* a lively downtown bi-monthly newspaper that provides a forum for the movement. "Development, unbridled and unchecked, was a threat each of us could see."

The citizens movement has several main goals, including improving public transit, containing high-rise development and retaining Toronto's neighborhood flavor. In addition, says Alderman Karl Jaffary, the movement "recognizes above all the ability of all citizens to iden-



tify their own needs and desires and to create a government responsive to them." In other words, decentralized decision-making must be made part and parcel of planning.

The record of Mayor Crombie and the Council in these areas is mixed, but there is no question that a new attitude prevails. In transportation, five expressways depicted on a 1966 city map will probably not be built. Instead, says Crombie, "We should be subway-building until the end of the century."

Having rejected the policy of what William Marshall, a top Crombie aide, calls "bigger and better at any cost," the Mayor and Council exhibit far more sensitivity to neighborhood preservation than past administrations. Thus, the Council opposed the federal government when it sought to condemn nine houses to build a parking lot for the Mounties. It also repealed a by-law passed by the last Council that would have permitted razing of 100 homes for a luxury high-rise project. When a developer announced his intention to demolish nine homes in the Annex section, a pleasant low-rise downtown neighborhood, for a "luxury" high-rise catering to singles, the Council was persuaded by neighborhood groups to buy the homes for $800,000; a community housing corporation will now renovate them for single and family occupancy and build additional apartments in new low-rise houses. Symbolic of the new perspective was passage of a by-law that mandates developers to seek City Council approval of any proposed downtown building higher than 45 feet.

On some issues, such as the proposed Metro Centre development, a 187-acre, federally-subsidized transportation, communications, commercial and high-rent residential project along the waterfront, Crombie and the Council have provided little leadership in asserting city priorities. It was only after citizens began organizing that the city decided to hire a consultant to see whether Union Station, Toronto's landmark railroad terminal, must be almost wholly demolished, as Metro Centre backers claim.

Nevertheless, as Alderman William Kilbourn puts it, Crombie has "made a good start on growth, but not on power." Restructuring power relationships, both between the city and other levels of government and within Toronto itself, is what is needed to ensure long-range protection for the city's interests. At present, the Ontario government, like all Canadian provinces, exercises almost complete control over municipalities. Cities are, legally, "creatures of the province," heavily dependent on it for funds. Moreover, Toronto is part of a six-borough Metro government on which suburban representatives frequently outvote the city. There are also several score semi-autonomous agencies and public corporations over which the city has little control. "I'd prefer to see other levels of government give us the money and power," says Crombie. "We have the expertise and desire to deal with city problems more effectively than they can." While Crombie has urged the province to surrender some of its taxing powers to Toronto and Metro, he favors amalgamation of Metro's six boroughs into one city—a proposal that might well widen the gap between government and the people. He has also done little to decentralize city government. True, he set up working committees with citizen representation to plan for specific geographical areas; but these committees are not institutionalized and could be abrogated by future administrations.

The Mayor probably has not paid more attention to decentralization because there has been little pressure on him to do so. Since the 1972 election, the citizens' movement has been in a state of decline. Community groups tend to be crisis-oriented, and the presence of a sympathetic Mayor and Council have lessened the urgency to organize. Nor has the movement yet succeeded in extending its middle-class base to sink roots in working-class and "New Canadian" immigrant neighborhoods.

Still, the movement is hardly dead. "Should the need arise, another broad-based coalition would arise," says

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Granatstein. If the developers mount a strong campaign against Crombie and the pro-neighborhood Council members in this November's election, a coalition will likely be formed to prevent the return of the development-at-any-price politicians.

Such a return is not expected, for over the past few years, the citizens' movement and its political allies have succeeded to a remarkable extent in clarifying the basic issues of planning, growth and development. "Most communities," says Alderman Colin Vaughan, "recognize that there must be some building in their neighborhoods. But they want to have a say in the process, and there must be benefits to the neighborhood, not just problems."

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

THE SCREEN

On the one hand it seems unfair to condemn a whole movie for having only a bad ending. We watch the movie from moment to moment, enjoying (or not enjoying) it as we go along; and though the ending may dissatisfy us, it is still just one moment among all the others. We shouldn't blame them for it. On the other hand, in most movies the ending inevitably does have a retroactive effect. Certainly in murder mysteries, since our mind has been thrust forward all along the way in expectation of a solution, we feel tricked and cheated if the solution isn't forthcoming. Despite the risk of incurring our displeasure, however, at the end of his new mystery film, *Man on a Swing,* director Frank Perry remains undecided. He can't decide whether his main character, Franklin Wills (Joel Grey), is really clairvoyant or not. Nor can he make up his mind whether Wills is implicated in the murder of a young girl with which the film opened. In fact he hasn't even settled for sure whether this is a fiction film or a documentary he's making.

Whatever the outcome might be, we could have guessed from the beginning that the mystery would ultimately reside in one of the characters rather than in circumstances or events. Frank Perry's previous credits —*David and Lisa, Diary of a Mad Housewife, Play It as It Lays,* et al.—suggest that even a mystery plot would be turned into a character study by him. The film begins with the efforts of a small-town police chief, Lee Tucker (Cliff Robertson), to solve the girl's murder. He seems to be in control of the investigation and is clearly the sort of man who is in control of himself. We watch him doing the leg work that the crime requires. We see how he pores over the police photographer's slides of the victim. Tucker would solve this crime by sheer concentration if that's possible.

But then onto the scene comes Wills, a self-proclaimed clairvoyant who insists he has special insight into the crime. Although he has a no-nonsense manner that seems compatible with Tucker's way of operating, Wills is really the opposite of the policeman he would help. Wills would solve the crime by losing control of himself. His powers are not those of concentration, but of entrancement. Where Tucker tries to take an objective view of the evidence, Wills falls into a faint that gives him a subjective view of the victim's experience.

As a result Tucker is usurped, or at least disoriented, and the antagonism shifts from that between the policeman and the criminal to one between the policeman and his collaborator, Wills. It is now Tucker who begins to lose control, first of the investigation, and then of himself when he tries to do without Wills' assistance. Mysterious phone calls and threats against his wife (Dorothy Tristan) drive Tucker to distraction. With Wills out of the picture, Tucker becomes a victim almost as helpless, and panicky, as the girl must have been. But is it Wills who is persecuting him? And does Wills come by his special knowledge of the original crime because he was involved in it too? We'll never know.

The reason we'll never know—or at least the excuse Frank Perry makes for not telling us—is that the real Connecticut police chief from whose files this case was taken never found out for sure himself. If *Man on a Swing* were a documentary, this reasoning might wash with us, us ticket holders who have been waiting to learn the solution. After all, documentaries are supposed to stick to the facts no matter what. But then, as Frank Perry well knows, if this were a documentary we wouldn't have bought tickets in the first place. A real documentary requires a subject inherently interesting enough, in and of itself, to attract our attention, and an obscure suburban murder case isn't such a subject.

Maybe Perry only wants to be about half documentary, respecting the facts where the *au courant* subject of clairvoyance is concerned and giving the rest a fictional treatment. (Such straddling of modes may result from an undue influence on Perry by Truman Capote, whose *Trilogy* Perry directed for the screen several years ago. Lee Tucker seems very heavily modeled on Officer Dewey in *In Cold Blood,* especially when Tucker tries to solve the crime by deciphering those photographs.) If we regard the opacity of Perry's ending as a comment on clairvoyance, it has a certain justification, I suppose. Perry is just admitting that there are men who *know* more than the rest of us, himself included. As a director's attitude toward a character in a fiction film of his own creating, however, this is ridiculous. We can't suppose that a character has somehow managed to withhold the facts from the author who imagined him. This may have been what Perry was aiming at, but it looks like the work of that man who, painting his kitchen without having thought ahead, paints himself into a corner at the end of the job.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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HISTORY AND THE HISTORIAN

"What Is the Good of History?" Selected Letters of Carl L. Becker, 1900-1945

ED. BY MICHAEL KAMMEN

Cornell Univ. Press, $12.50

RICHARD L. SCHOENWALD

FOR most people, there is no good to history. They recall with horror a high school class or a college course in which they tried to learn a thousand sacred facts about what really happened way back somewhere. Sometimes, facing a stranger who has acknowledged that he makes a living through teaching history, they will admit rather shamefacedly that *they*, in fact, *liked* history, oddly enough, even though most of their friends couldn't stand it.

Once they have escaped from educational institutions, most people take their history in the shape of movie and TV spectaculars, or in the form of best-selling books that contain all of the past of Spain or the Jews or the Romanoffs within two covers. Those with yet unslaked thirsts may drain the historical wisdom dehydrated into one-liners such as "History shows that . . ." or "History repeats itself."

Most people find utterly foreign the notion that history embodies anything more complicated than the dates of battles. How could the writing of history be concerned with maddeningly difficult decisions about purposes, choices, values? How could the historian amount to anything more than a pettifogging scribbler, unless his potent prose lifted him to the front page of *The New York Times Book Review?* The case of Carl Becker affronts all normal expectations.

Becker was born in 1873, and he did not become a historian just by making up his mind that he would write books about epic happenings and epochal adventures out of the past. Earlier American historians, such as Francis Parkman, had become historians by saying: I am going to write books about Great Dramatic Things which happened before my time. These men had to be considered historians because they wrote about history, not because they held posts as Professors of History in an institution of higher learning and published learned, footnoted articles in scholarly periodicals. From very early in life, Becker recalled in his maturity, he had wanted to write, and he added that he soon decided he should have something to write about, so he proceeded to study history.

Becker was bewitched by an outstanding historian, Frederick Jackson Turner, who did not live mainly from the wide sale of his writing, or from inherited wealth, but from his salary as a professor. Turner created "the Turner thesis," a view of all of American development which singled out the influence of the frontier as paramountly significant in shaping Americans. Though Becker in later life continued to speak wistfully of the inferiority of history to literature, his response to what he saw Turner doing—pounding multifarious facts into shape, playing imaginatively with the record of the past so that he might cause large-scale sense to arise from it— belies his near-regret.

Finished with college, Becker went along to graduate school, there to take courses designed to help him become a historian. At the close of the nineteenth century it was becoming possible, and soon would be virtually mandatory, for a historian to learn how to be a historian, just as a doctor or a lawyer entered a school intended to fit him for his career. Becker learned well: his big piece of work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was a study from the old and original records of social and economic stresses on politics in the province of New York in the decades just before the outbreak of the American Revolution. (For a highly critical reappraisal, see Milton M. Klein's essay in A. T. Vaughan and G. A. Billias, eds., *Perspectives on Early American History*, 1973.)

Unquestionably Becker could fulfill the injunction of his science-bemused teachers that he strive unflaggingly to portray what had really happened. Yet he would not again wheeze and cough amid dusty papers until the very end of his life. His chief object did not consist in writing books and articles based on such papers and other "real" remains. Fundamentally he wanted to take some books and articles written by other historians, together with the evidence afforded by the literature and philosophy which had survived from the past, and think about their meaning. Becker's failure to read everything already in print on every subject he dealt with has been noticed repeatedly, sometimes with grudging admiration for his nerve, sometimes with clucking disapproval. All this stuff, all these kinds of evidence about what man had been: what did it all show about the nature of man, what did it all say about the possibilities open to him?

Of Becker's works, the ones with the largest number of pages turned out to be two textbooks. He preferred the essay, and if he were going to write a book, it would be a collection of essays or lectures, or a largish essay divided into several chapters. Always he sought the power, the gratification and the insight which come from generalizing, and he could not fulfill that aim by producing finely detailed narratives about everything that had ever happened in a certain decade or to particular individuals. So he wrote short books, mainly about America, but often he had to step outside and examine the creation and meanings of European ideas which had bent American fate.

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Becker is best known for *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth-Century Philosophers*, a still controversial argument that the avant-garde ideological iconoclasts who helped to prepare the way for the French Revolution loved religiously assured faith and absolute certitude just as St. Thomas Aquinas had in the thirteenth century. They turned out to be not so breathtakingly new after all. Some observers of the conflict about whether Becker was right or wrong have correctly pointed out that Becker was not concerned only with issues in the history of past ideas, but that he wanted to inquire whether the revolutionary values associated with freedom in the eighteenth century could survive by themselves when, as in the twentieth century, the religiously certain absolutes to which they had seemed to be linked indissolubly had actually been corroded away.

Could man live by values which he himself created, or could man live for an end such as freedom only if he believed, as Becker thought modern man certainly could not, that God had ordained freedom as the foundation of man's existence? Could Becker wrestle with such perplexities and still be counted as a historian? In fact he remained a professor of history all of his days, racking up fifteen years at the University of Kansas, and a quarter century at Cornell. He even became president of the American Historical Association, and in his presidential address resoundingly whacked the idolatries that historians really do, and should, tell it like it really was.

As for Becker's reputation, he has consistently failed to place anywhere near the top of rankings of "greatest" American historians, and has been put down (with a slight sense of the slang phrase's meaning) mostly as having been an important thinker. It has become accepted to acknowledge that Becker forced historians to think about the limits of their search for the entire truth, and even to admit that he forced some to consider the moral implications of writing and studying and teaching the record of the past. Burleigh Wilkins, who wrote the biggest and best study of Becker yet published, felt drawn to him as many historians have, but finally accounted him "one of the most attractive if minor figures of our age."

Becker died in 1945, but many of his books are still purchasable, perhaps because they get assigned in college courses. Becker himself continues to provoke other historians into writing about him, and it is now clear that he has lived on despite his oddity for two main reasons. Becker insisted on trying to know what history meant: he did not set any little and zealously researchable goal for himself. He wanted to know what man's past totaled up to when you combined the plusses and the minuses. A second element saved his carrying out of this quest from turning into soporific dialecticizing in the manner of Hegel or anatomizing and clinicizing in the manner of Toynbee: he made himself the master of a clear and funny prose style.

Becker liked to deny that he was dealing with any enormous questions about the transcendent meaning of human existence. From his boyhood in Iowa on throughout his life he abhorred "the Methodist menace," which was his shorthand for conventional American churchliness. God and related Big Subjects were not for him, he loved to protest. Yet beneath the rhetoric of protesting and the jokes of denying he used history as a means for discovering some signs which pointed somehow toward fragments of some answers to the one great question confronting us: How can we ever find out how to live on this earth?

Professional historians in this country mainly skitter away nervously from Ultimates and Big Subjects. They regard with disfavor colleagues who set out to dabble in such mysteries. It is true that the platitude often lies not far from the profundity when historians seek to uncover Deeper Meanings. Airy remarks about the inevitability of change and the inevitability of resistance to change mar the pages of a historian such as Crane Brinton, whose repute has suffered accordingly. Michael Kammen in his introduction to this collection of Becker's letters quotes the assault leveled against Becker by Edmund Wilson in 1944: " 'the only real distinction of the book [*How New Will the Better World Be?*] lies in the fact that contemporary platitudes have been endowed by Mr. Becker with a patina that gives them the dignity of museum pieces'. " Becker called the attack a " 'lulu'."

Historians want facts, and they expect the truth to emerge out of the facts, sometimes with more aid from them, sometimes with less. The one large group of American intellectuals which has gazed steadily upon history in its biggest and most nearly ultimate sense must be Christian theologians of the Reinhold Niebuhr persuasion. From them the God in Whom they declared their belief was a God Who showed aspects of His nature as He acted in the lives of men, in other words, as He entered into history. Most people, even many who are highly sophisticated, have never met this conception. In the spring, when I explain to a class in Jewish history or to a group at a Seder that the Exodus testifies to the involvement of the Old Testament God in history, I hear and see unmistakable signs of the novelty of what I have said. Yet for many Jewish theologians, in contrast to the generality of Jews, there is nothing very new in paying serious attention to the idea that history furnishes the stage for God's action.

Not for Becker any of this talk about history as the stage on which God shows His concern for men—Becker refused to tolerate neo-mystical babblings. To him history was man remembering, everyman recalling that he had a bill to pay because he had written a note to himself as a reminder. From that jotted historical document one man then went forward with his life, and more conventional historical documents of the order of speeches and Declarations of Independence and constitutions similarly reminded men of what they had agreed to hold to and to carry out. Man was man because he had a past which he was driven to turn to, at times, no matter how strong his determination to live only in the present, or to hurl himself into a future where he

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could dwell free of the miseries of the present.

Becker liked to point out that the man doing the remembering warped and kneaded the remembering because of his own tastes and fondnesses. Becker was an unabashed relativist, and the downrightness with which he proclaimed his relativism drove other historians wild. Was there, then, no real truth? Did historians seek and poke in the spoor of the past to no final avail? Again and again historians have returned to Becker's assertions that everyman's truth had to take on a color just a bit unlike that of his neighbor's, and they have sought to maintain that he didn't really mean to be taken so literally, because he would have finished by closing forever the guild, or the union, of historians.

In the end, Becker had his relativism as well as his truth. Becker was not so foolish as to contend that every observer of an elephant beheld a beast utterly unlike the creature flickering in the eye of his neighbor. He was pointing out that people have different feelings about elephants and tend to report selected facts mixed with assorted emotions. The great trick comes in putting these reports together and slowly piecing out a picture of what the elephant appears to be. No one will ever know what an elephant really, totally is: final elephantine truth must elude all seekers, but men gradually form more reliable pictures of factors which distort their own perception and mar the understanding of which their fellows are capable. Patience, humility, and just cussed doggedness in not being satisfied with the handiest answer finally win out, and a picture of an elephant develops which is moderately reliable, and may even be generally reliable.

Becker's relativism applied to the task of examining an elephant sounds unglamorously defeatist, dully void of drama, full of exhortations to restraint and humbleness. It was Becker's style which rescued his thought. For him, style did not mean be-eweled appliqué ladled on just before packaging. Style entailed a man's discovery of what he actually did think and believe, and the imparting to others of his own sense of what truly mattered with as much honesty as he could manage. For Becker the great truth of the nineteenth century still held: the last road to salvation lies through art. The beautiful prose which he made himself sculpt morning after morning, the five or ten pages thrown away *en route* to the one which finally succeeded made him matchless: no other historian active in the United States in this century exhibited his genius as a writer.

The earliest letters in this volume, dating from soon after 1900, creak with formality, even awkwardness. Soon and almost suddenly the wit and deftness appear which marked him forever after. In the introduction Professor Kammen remarks that many people addicted to Becker asked anxiously whether the letters would prove disappointing when they finally appeared. He assured inquirers that they would not feel let down. Actually the letters fall between prime and choice Becker. Sometimes they deal in trivialities, or they force the reader to catch Becker repeating himself to several correspondents, a human enough failing but not easier to bear if Carl Becker must be acknowledged to be the possessor of such humanity. Becker's most private concerns, his nervousness and depressions and ulcers and the nature of his tie to his wife, occur and recur in the introduction and the letters, but their share in the formation of his moral attitudes, his stance toward fate and fortune, never receives any estimate. Becker surely did not live unacquainted with demons and with the darkness of hope burnt away. In fact Professor Kammen lists a great many points toward whose resolving the letters offer no aid at all. Those who are already keen on Becker nevertheless will enjoy peeping into these letters, despite editing so awkward that Leonardo da Vinci and Martha's Vineyard are awarded identifying footnotes.

Becker became and remained a professor who thought of himself as a teacher and writer, not as a scurrying, calculating member of an established historical profession whose standards he had sworn to hold dear. He did produce —that is, he wrote books and articles because he had always wanted to write, and because he could use some additional income. He did not compare his printed wordage enviously and uncertainly with the output of increasingly professionalized colleagues beaverishly piling up pages. They were writhing already, as many have thrashed more agonizingly ever since, under the injunction to show by amount of publication that you are meeting the quantitative norms for being a *professional* historian, not a mere writer of history like Francis Parkman, or a mere teacher of history. Luckily for Becker's serenity, he had established himself when competitors were not so many: at the Providence meeting of the American Historical Association in 1936 (he was 63) he found that 1000 registrants made "a terrible crush," so that he could not locate easily the people he wanted to see. (Oscar Handlin has movingly compared the same meeting, the first such he had ever attended, and sessions since the 1950's which drew several thousand registrants: "History: A Discipline in Crisis?", *The American Scholar*, Summer, 1971.) Secure in his loving appreciation of Cornell, at peace somehow despite inner stress and the world's turmoil, he could reach out and find two of his best pupils in Jews, Leo Gershoy and Louis Gottschalk, an uncommon adventure in American academic life before 1945.

The good of history lives right in Becker, who was its prophet, ironic and jaundiced, but eloquent and untiring. Anyone who takes Becker up, in these letters and in books and essays alike, finds that his spirit or his soul—some inner thing along that line—must enlarge and profit, because history really deals with ends, goals, purpose, finalities and ultimates, matters set aside for the spirit or the soul. History is not a costume drama, or a list in which one damn thing follows another damn thing. History is a revelation of man's being, and though Becker would squirm mightily, he would not finally disagree. Through Becker men can be persuaded to give history the meditative scrutiny it merits.

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A CASE OF LITERARY MALINGERING

LEONARD KRIEGEL

The Unwritten War: American Writers and the Civil War

DANIEL AARON

Knopf, $12.50

Daniel Aaron's *The Unwritten War* is both an important work of contemporary literary scholarship and an implicit justification of the historical study of literature. Inevitably, the book offers itself for comparison with Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore,* about which Aaron speaks highly. That *The Unwritten War* is not as exciting a book may simply confirm Aaron's insistence on keeping the War and the literature it inspired in front of him rather than, as I believe Wilson did, creating a moral pageant of the War's literature that offers itself as the "epic" the subject has so vainly demanded. Certainly, it is fair to say that no single chapter in *The Unwritten War* matches Wilson's splendid chapter on Justice Holmes. In a remarkable manner, Wilson managed to make the Civil War a personal property, as if it were an old family portrait hidden in his attic; the note of familial eulogy is sounded throughout his book. For whatever reason, Aaron can take no such liberties. He is not cool or detached in his approach to the literature of the Civil War but he does not try to make of that literature something that reaches beyond its own puzzling limitations.

The fault, then, lies not with the author but with the truth he so thoroughly probes. For if the Civil War inspired a religious and political hyperbole unmatched in this nation's history, it did not produce a literature that substantiated its myths. And if, as Professor Aaron intelligently argues, "its literary reverberations are felt to this day," that simply points to a problem of American writers. The Napoleonic Wars in Europe fed Stendhal and Tolstoy, and Napoleon's legacy could still be felt in Zola. But no one any longer expects the most tragic and meaningful of American wars to find a suitable poetic or fictional voice. The War is back there, memorialized in books and courthouse statues, and all that is left is to centennialize it. (*The Unwritten War* is itself a part of a series planned by the Civil War Centennial Commission.) The echoes of its reverberations are now the property of writers of historical fiction. Why, one asks, did a novelist as talented as Styron not try to probe what Baldwin called "our common history" with a novel about the Civil War rather than his unfortunate novel about Nat Turner?

"One would expect writers, the 'antennae of the race,' to say something revealing about the meaning, if not the causes of the War. This book argues implicitly throughout that, with a few notable exceptions, they did not." In large part, Aaron attributes this to the "pestiferous shadow" of the Negro, "emblematic of guilt and retribution." There are, of course, other emotional and intellectual constrictions that help account for this particular failure of our literature. But none that are so sweeping. The War was obviously not fought to free the slaves, but "without the Negro, there would have been no Civil War." The writers who dealt with the War were curiously indifferent to the Negro as a human being, a complex reality. Perhaps criticism can best account for this by noting how the Negro had already been made into a rhetorical device in Pre-Civil War literature. The tone had already been set by Jefferson in *Notes on Virginia.* The Negro could be viewed only as a question of definition. The extent to which this damaged American literature can be seen if one compares the characterization of the Negro by such "realistic" novelists as De Forest and Cable to Tolstoy's characterizations of Russian peasants. Even if we grant the obvious that such comparisons are inevitably of limited critical worth and that Tolstoy was an incomparably finer novelist than either De Forest or Cable, the fact remains that the problem of race in American literature was far more overwhelming than the problem of class.

The failure to look at slavery and its consequences was not only the failure of those writers who emerged on the literary scene after the War had been fought. The failure was already behind them. Even Melville, the 19th century writer most willing to face the realities of history, was ultimately trapped by the contradictions of American life. For Melville, the question of what the slaves were as people could scarcely be voiced. Whites and blacks use each other in his fiction, most notably in *Benito Cereno,* but there are no real relationships between them. Melville's blacks mirror the tragedy of his whites, but that is all.

The other pre-Civil War American writers seem either censorious or they are like Emerson, whom Aaron describes as incapable of permitting "the War to disturb his excruciating serenity." Such judgments make for uncomfortable reading. And it does not help to remind oneself that writers throughout the world seem to stalk themselves relentlessly through the underbrush of judgment. The literary herd instinct is certainly as powerful as that of any other group, and writers possess the talent to frame that instinct in distinctly moral terms. Is it any surprise that so much of the literature inspired by the War reflects a kind of fundamentalist

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religiosity? "Men of Emerson's generation, South as well as North, habitually read their personal aspirations, needs, and antipathies into historical tendency and found a remarkable unanimity in their own judgments and God's." For a society in which the writer's task resembles that of the preacher, this presents a difficult, if not intolerable, situation. For too many American writers, the War was a metaphysical abstraction. In certain cases, most notably that of Henry Adams, it seems to have reinforced a characteristic petulance. To read *The Education* is to understand only too well why Professor Aaron places Adams in the most disturbing section of *The Unwritten War,* one which entitles "The Malingerers" and in which, along with Adams, he includes James, Howells, and Twain—by most critical assessments, four of the finest prose writers of the post-Civil War period.

The most disturbing of all is Twain, "the only one who could have spoken to Billy Yank and Johnny Reb in their own languages and conceivably have written the great War book critics like his friend Howells were calling for." Adams and James were destined by birth to feel ambiguous about the America which emerged from the War, the first because it confirmed his sense of dispossession, the second because he justifiably insisted on the value of European experience in his art as well as in his life. Howells' case is more complex, that of the lesser talent and finer man. He withdrew from active participation in the War, but my own belief is that his withdrawal was of no great consequence for American literature. His realism, like his temperament was limited by the very honesty that made it attractive. He could encourage the genius of a Crane and proclaim De Forest's *Miss Ravenal's Conversion* an "admirable . . .and spacious" novel, comparable to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. And if he himself could not deal with the War in his own fiction, we are tempted, as Aaron is, to see his defense of the Chicago anarchists in 1887, when no other American writer of comparable reputation took this unpopular stand, as an unconscious desire to cancel out his unvalorous withdrawal in 1861. But Twain possessed both the talent and the temperament to deal with the reality of the War. And yet, he refused to look at the War clearly. Even the ludicrous self-mockery of *Roughing It* and "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed" reflect Twain's way of maneuvering out of a situation he himself must have felt guilty about. He was the most fundamentally democratic of our major Nineteenth Century writers, but the period during which he came of age as a writer, the period following on the heels of the Civil War, made of that democracy a cash-and-carry rummage sale. Twain was not ideological enough; he possessed no philosophy upon which to build a democratic faith. His mind was never as admirable as his style. As a result, he wound up as a writer whose skepticism parodies itself. Capable of defending the Chinese and the Jews in a society which viewed them as dangerous and alien, he was equally capable of taking an adolescent's delight in the friendship of America's rich and powerful. If he criticized Jay Gould and imperialist expansion, he never bothered to sit down and analyze the America that emerged from the Civil War. The second half of *Life on the Mississippi* never makes the criticism it implies; and if *A Connecticut Yankee* questions our faith in industrialism, it does not question the capitalism that exists behind industrialism. Twain's bleak metaphysical cosmos, ruled by a prince of darkness, may have been his way of not dealing with an industrialized America ruled by the House of Morgan.

"The War was not so much unfelt as unfaced," writes Aaron in his concluding chapter. What haunts us are the consequences of that failure. *The Unwritten War* is not only about the attitudes of American writers to the War; it is about their attitudes toward America itself. "Our classical writers simply did not know the land and people they spoke to and for." If this is most disturbing in a writer such as Emerson, who sometimes seems a Swiftian parody of the intellectual living in his self-contained world, it is no less disturbing when one discovers it in so many other 19th Century American writers. "Not many of them besides Whitman made any effort to immerse themselves in the democratic tub." In a war that brought forth so strikingly religious a point of view, such a failure is particularly noteworthy. And it is only one among many failures that Daniel Aaron presents for our examination in his excellent study of the literature emanating from the Civil War.

Child of God

CORMAC McCARTHY

Random House, $5.95

ROBERT LEITER

"Anyone who lives in the South, who pays more than passing attention to its political, social and cultural life, cannot fail to be impressed by the persistence of a Southern identity—indeed a Southern sensibility." So wrote Jonathan Yardley, book editor of the Greensboro, N.C., *Daily News*, in a recent review for the *New York Times*; though he was discussing works by Arna Bontemps, Nancy Price and Shirley Ann Grau, his comments apply as well to the talented Cormac McCarthy—with one revision. McCarthy's is a Southern identity hitched to an Irish sensibility. Via the "old themes" (to use Mr. Yardley's term) and with language as his primary tool, he has sought after a personal voice and vision. The mixture of Southern mystique and Irish trebling has not always been a comfortable one; but with *Child of God,* his most recent novel, he has made partial peace with some of the old ghosts, and has produced, if not a totally successful work, then one which speaks well of the future.

Cormac McCarthy's *The Orchard Keeper*, an impressive, complex debut, was a recipient of the William Faulkner Foundation Award. Contrary to rumor, this annual prize is *not* bestowed upon first novels which best mimic the South's greatest master. But to its mis-

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fortune, *The Orchard Keeper* bore countless comparisons to Faulkner's novels. The story, chronicling young John Wesley's friendship with his father's murderer, echoes the major Faulkner themes: the criminal as hero, the interplay of language, memory and myth, and the overriding problem of survival.

To admire and emulate a master is not a fault; and the fact that Southern writers continue to be influenced by Faulkner should now be a dead issue. *The Orchard Keeper* suffers less from its Southern origins than from its Irish excesses. McCarthy takes an intriguing, basically linear plot, splits it into three separate strands, and, by means of a lush coating of language, gives his story an unnecessary "poetic" facade. He approaches his theme with caution, using language as a distancing element, the perfect equivalent to the novel's narrative technique where strict chronological order is relinquished for a mistier interweaving of events. Ostensibly, the story takes place in the Tennessee hill country during the Depression years, but McCarthy's prose allows little period detail to emerge. McCarthy wishes to describe rather than to relate. Everything is highly "imagined" and all natural events read like eulogies to some great Cosmic spirit.

> They are gone now. Fled, banished in death or exile, lost, undone. Over the land sun and wind still move to burn and sway the trees, the grasses. No avatar, no scion, no vestige of that people remains. On the lips of the strange race that now dwells there their names are myth, legend, dust.

So ends *The Orchard Keeper*. But this is also its starting point. Rather than beginning with concrete detail and raising it to the level of myth, McCarthy's style imparts a hushed mythic sense from the outset. "Torrential power" reads the quote on the cover of the paperback version of *The Orchard Keeper*; the phrase may aid sales but it is inaccurate. *The Orchard Keeper*, lacking a central dramatic tension, sings in very muted tones.

Outer Dark, McCarthy's second novel, begins in the teeth of an incestuous affair that is thick with Gothic atmosphere. It matters little that we are in an unspecified region of the South during an unspecified period of time. The terrain is lean and uncluttered. There are few modern objects in sight, and the stage is set for the passions of a morality play. A woman bears her brother's child; guilt ridden, the brother leaves the child in the woods, telling his sister it has died naturally and he has buried it. The sister learns that this is untrue, that the child is alive, and sets out to find it. The novel proceeds by alternating scenes depicting the separate wanderings of brother and sister. Throughout the tale, the countryside is being ravaged by three violent men. Unknown and rarely seen, they are a dim but everpresent threat.

Outer Dark is an exceptional advance over *The Orchard Keeper*. The language is less florid, and McCarthy squarely faces the Faulknerian overtones, thereby avoiding the suppressed violence of *The Orchard Keeper*. The three men who ransack and murder are a brilliant device; a mad variation on the Magi, they skim about the perimeter of the tale and eventually bring the work to its justifiable conclusion. The creation of landscape is McCarthy's finest achievement. By some magical combination—leaving the locale unspecified but investing it with a fairy tale quality—the land has a disturbing quietude where actuality turns ever so gently into myth without sacrificing the necessary reality.

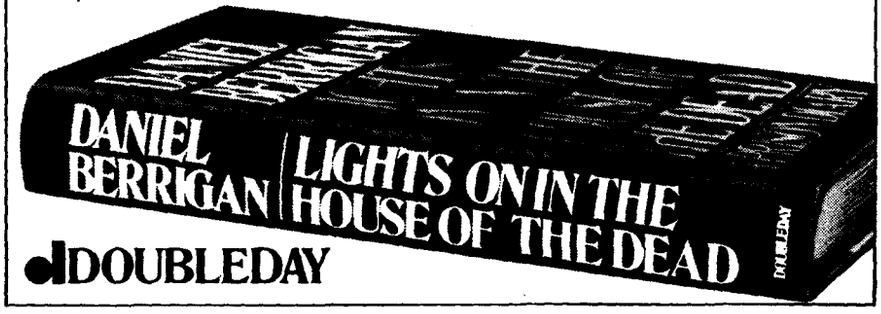
With *Child of God*, language is a blessing. McCarthy is not beyond an occasional flourish, as in this purplish depiction of urination: "The man stands straddlelegged, has made in the dark humus a darker pool wherein swirls a pale foam with bits of straw." But in general the prose is pared clean:

> The dumpkeeper had spawned nine daughters and named them out of an old medical dictionary gleaned from the rubbish he picked. These

Barbara King

Daniel Berrigan has written 8 books of poetry, 13 books of prose, and this journal from hell.

Facing depression, sickness, and near-death in the "deeper hell" of prison, poet, priest, and peace-activist Daniel Berrigan wrote this journal in odd moments, under extraordinary pressures. Yet the result is his most moving book, one which is both an extraordinary chronicle of daily life in Danbury prison and an impassioned testament of faith.



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gangling progeny with black hair hanging from their armpits now sat idle and wide-eyed day after day in their crates about the yard . . . Urethra, Cerebella, Hernia Sue. They moved like cats and like cats in heat attracted surrounding swains to their midden until the old man used to go out at night and fire a shotgun at random just to clear the air.

The central figure of *Child of God*, one Lester Ballard who rapes and murders, has provided Mr. McCarthy with the proper impetus. We instantly believe in the terror that is Lester Ballard, as we believe in the darker sides of Faulkner's Bayard Sartoris, Joe Christmas and the evil Popeye, shadowy men who live on the periphery of society. Lester's extravagant violence unleashes McCarthy's dark humor. Ballard romps like a wicked elf, surprising young copulating couples in parked cars, saving the bodies of the murdered females for future acts of necrophilia. Lester, darkly mysterious, struts about the novel striking dark notes in the human condition.

Although Lester has freed McCarthy, he also becomes a hindrance. Lester is all there is to *Child of God*, and for all his mystery he is not enough. The novel is thinner, less full-bodied than either *The Orchard Keeper* or *Outer Dark*; this has little to do with length. Faulkner knew when to let his criminals lie still among the shadows and have the citizenry of Yoknapatawpha County capture center stage. There is no corresponding reality against which to pit Lester's violent world. Early in the work McCarthy had interjected brief passages in which the townspeople mulled over the myth and actually of Lester Ballard, but he dropped the device quickly, to the book's detriment. *Child of God* is a swift exciting read, but we are left with only incisive images strung along a thin plot line, the why and wherefore unexplained.

Child of God will perhaps be looked upon as a bad novel written by a good writer, and this would be regrettable, for *Child of God* marks a progression in McCarthy's career. He has learned restraint. The "old themes" live on in him, but his South is not rendered with the precision of a realist. He has taken realism to the province of folk myth. If McCarthy can flesh out his next work while keeping a tight reign on his prose style, I believe we can expect marvelous things from this excellent writer.

Whatever Became of Sin?

KARL MENNINGER, M.D.

Hawthorn, $7.95

WILLIAM E. MAY

The central message of this book is that modern man has lost his sense of sin and that he needs to recover it if he is to be morally healthy—and man requires moral health; otherwise he is diseased at the very root of his being. Early in the book Menninger describes the spiritual malaise that typifies society today and closes its eyes and stops its ears to the real evils that plague human existence. He believes that this malaise stems in large measure from the disappearance of the notion of sin.

Why has modern man lost his sense of sin? Although this is a very hard question to answer, Menninger believes that its loss can be attributed to two interrelated processes. The first step was to convert sin, which traditionally had been considered a transgression of God's law, a ruthless and hurting breaking away from God and from the rest of humanity, into a "crime" against the state. By making deeds once considered sinful and expressive of a wickedness rooted in the human heart into public crimes punishable by legal sanctions, men made it very difficult if not ridiculous to speak of them as actions morally malicious and demanding personal repentance. Sin as sin became a strictly personal matter, something appropriate only for the pulpit, the confessional, and the individual conscience.

The next step, Menninger argues, consisted in the conversion of "crimes" and what remained of personal sinfulness into "symptoms" of diseases or malfunctions that could be cured by applying the right kind of therapy. This step was one that was made possible by the emergence of a new social morality. This morality, congenial to a public much impressed by the discoveries of hypnosis, psychoanalysis, conditioning, mood-controlling drugs, and the achievements of a scientific (in the sense of positivistic) methodology, denied personal responsibility for deeds either good or bad. It led to an easy acceptance of "groupthink" and the notion of sin simply as collective irresponsibility, in which no one is accountable for the horrible evils of war, slavery (even in its modern forms), senseless cruelty.

Although Menninger is by no means ready to deny the real progress that has accompanied this twofold movement of converting sin into crimes and symptoms nor to minimize the extraordinary complexity in tracing the causes of human behavior, he stoutly maintains that sin *is* a reality, sin in the sense of a personal, voluntary doing of what one knows to be wicked. He believes that there is " 'sin' which is expressed in ways which cannot be subsumed under verbal artifacts such as 'crime,' 'disease,' 'delinquency,' 'deviancy.' " He resists the temptation to transform *totally* all "sins" into the category of symptoms. Moreover, he argues that although sin may have disappeared from serious use in our workaday vocabularies "it has not gone from the back of our minds."

Not only does Menninger hold that the notion of sin is still valid, that it still corresponds to something genuine in human experience, he describes in very compelling terms some things men do today that surely merit the label "sins." His chapter on the "Old Seven Deadly Sins (And Some New Ones)" is quite instructive on this point. By translating the official names of the cardinal sins into their approximate equivalents in modern speech, he has shown how they sparkle with relevance. What he gives in this chapter is a magnificent catalogue of samples of deeds men, that is, you and I, do that reflect a *mens rea*, a wrong attitude, a

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hard heart, an evil heart. The arrogance, the waste, the senseless cruelty that Menninger describes are by no means foreign to our experience.

But so what? What does a notion or sense of sin have to do with all this? Menninger believes that the sense of sin *is* exceedingly important, indeed crucial for human existence. Although we can never give a final "why" to the deeds we do, and although many elements that influence our deeds are beyond our control, there is, Menninger argues, a core of personal responsibility in them. These deeds do spring from us, from our hearts. To recognize that they do is itself important, for this recognition is necessary if we are to have hope that we can change or be changed. Paradoxically, a realization of our own sinfulness, of our own unwillingness to do the good we know we can and must do and to repair the wrong that we have knowingly done, is necessary if we are to have hope that we can be saved from our sinfulness. And to proclaim this message, Menninger maintains, is preeminently the task of the clergy. It is a truth for which men hunger.

There is much good in this book. Throughout Menninger effectively and scathingly criticizes our stupid penal system, the trivializing of sin that has at times marked the response of the Christian churches to the horrible insensitivities and cruelties of our day, and the pigeon ethics that seems so congenial to Skinner and his associates. Many of the topics touched on in the work, of course, merit much deeper analysis, in particular the problem of collective responsibility and collective guilt and of human freedom. But this work takes a significant step toward meeting the real questions demanding answers, and intelligent answers, for men today.

C. S. Lewis: Images of His World

DOUGLAS GILBERT AND CLYDE S. KILBY

Eerdmans, $12.95

GERARD REEDY

With *C. S. Lewis: Images of His World*, the publishing house of William B. Eerdmans continues its valuable service to students of the late C. S. Lewis and Charles Williams. Though Macmillan keeps the Narnia chronicles and the Ransom trilogy in print, one must go to the works published by Eerdmans—the essays, letters, and sermons of Lewis, the novels of Williams—for the context and full understanding of Lewis' more popular fictions. In a decade marked by the decline of religious publishers and publications, it is heartening to see new titles continually brought forward, at reasonable prices, by and about these two great Christian apologists.

C. S. Lewis: Images of His World has three parts: a brief biography and useful chronological bibliography, a very good account of Lewis' conversion to Christianity, and a pictorial essay of about 170 pages devoted to places and persons Lewis loved. Clyde S. Kilby's compact essay, "From Atheist to Christian," traces the conversion mainly from the books Lewis read: not the only way to go about such a study, but a useful one certainly. Kilby avoids the darker sides of Lewis' (and Williams') synthesis, e.g., the doctrine of "substitution," whereby one can actually take

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REVIEWERS

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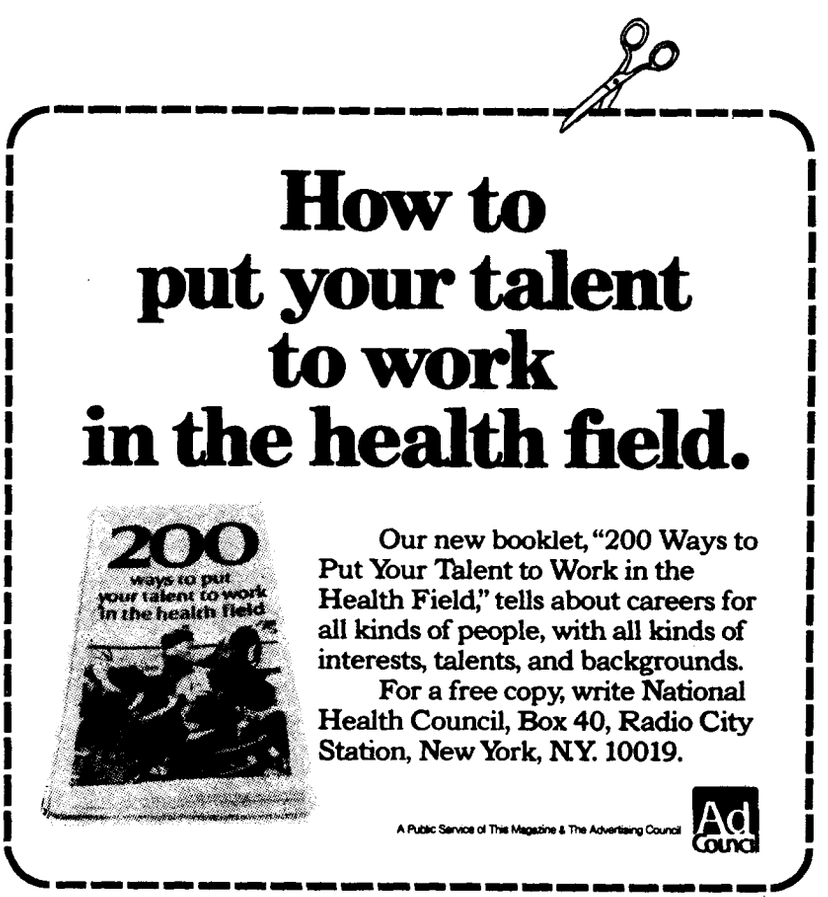
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on the pain or anxiety of another, and the fundamentalist hostility to science, whereby Ransom talks about interplanetary distances as "God's quarantine regulations." Discussion and study of Lewis have not reached any desirable level of sophistication since his death in 1963. Kilby's introduction to his religion is a solid start, complementing R. J. Reilly's chapter in *Romantic Religion* (1971).

Of the many splendid photographs in this book, my favorites are those of Lewis' fellow "Inklings," Williams, Barfield, Tolkien, and the rest. The editors include letters and juvenilia illustrated by Lewis, studies of the Lewis family and its homes, and shots of Oxford, Cambridge, and various parts of England and Wales through which Lewis hiked. Especially in pages 118 to 181, the relationship of the photos of natural scenery to any advance in our knowledge about Lewis is tenuous. Two splendid drawings of Siegfried by Arthur Rackham, an early, critical influence on Lewis, are reproduced. Our understanding of Narnia and the universe of the eldila might well begin with these drawings of an innocent facing dragons and death, against a cosmic background of cliffs and mountains. At its best, *C. S. Lewis: Images of His World* gives us note after note towards future study of its subject.

In a seminal Pentecost sermon, 'Transposition," Lewis once pitied the man whose "world is all fact and no meaning." Accepting meaning in fact in Lewis can often be quite difficult. Both Lewis, in the Ransom trilogy, and Williams, in *The Place of the Lion,* play with the notion of something like the Platonic ideas taking flesh and walking (or stalking) the earth. How does one read such scenes? How does one read the end of *The Last Battle,* when Narnia becomes the new heaven and new earth? Certainly a willing suspension of disbelief is the last response Lewis asks from the reader. Like a gospel, a fiction by Lewis draws the reader in and forces him to accept the author's position, even in all its hyperbole, or reject it and be damned with the Calormenes, Weston, and all the rest. Lewis certainly was not writing novels. He has little sympathy for most of his characters, who either come up to his standards or get thrown away; his plots are pedestrian. He excels at fantastically imagined archetypal situations, that draw the reader in with a sense of *déjà vu.* If he judges the reader harshly, the options for good he provides are so beautiful as to be painful.

Kilby and Gilbert include what at first seems to be a bathetic detail: a photo of the #2 Oxford bus that Lewis daily took home from Magdelen College. The space traveler, the protagonist in cosmic struggle, was, like us, a commuter. If it is difficult finding Lewis the daily commuter in his fictions, his simple humanity is everywhere in his letters, sermons, and in the photographs the present work provides. The letters of "Jack" Lewis, as he signed himself, counterpoint the cosmic melodrama with the details of human infidelity, dentists, hopelessly terminal illness, and making ends meet. If *Perelandra* almost avoids reference to the European war going on as it is being written, the 1939 sermon, "Learning in War-Time," does not. Lewis always stressed that it is of the essence of evil, even of the evil of war, to be repetitious; religious and imaginative experience, on the other hand, is personal and unique, and offers the meaning of life. Christian men of culture know this but get bogged down and discouraged by their repetitious setbacks. It is necessary to read C. S. Lewis because he fought this discouragement with more wit and belief than most.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 75)

to see what the book is about and a personal attack on the author.

Who is Ms. Steinfels anyway? What does she know about theology? Why did *Commonweal* choose an anti-women, a non-theologian, a "man's woman" to review a feminist theological work? And why did *Commonweal* print such a review?

Ms. Steinfels claims to have read *Beyond God the Father* but her piece shows no sign of it. I know many, many women who are enlightened, uplifted, and encouraged by Dr. Daly's book.

Commonweal has to be held responsible for this dirty trick and an equal time review by a competent woman theologian is demanded.

ELIZABETH FARIANS, PH.D.

Waltham, Mass.

To the Editors: Much of what Margaret O'Brien Steinfels says in her "review" of Mary Daly's book, *Beyond God the Father: Toward a Philosophy of Women's Liberation* [Feb. 1], is inaccurate and misleading. Worse than that, however, is the cheap portrayal of Dr. Daly as "enemy of the people."

Beyond God the Father: Toward a Philosophy of Women's Liberation is, in my opinion, a philosophical work of major importance. For Ms. Steinfels to label scholarship which takes seriously the oppression inflicted by religious institutions, beliefs, and believers upon women, as "fantasy" is irresponsible. Dr. Daly is not playing games with oppression as Ms. Steinfels implies. Nor is she condemning the human race, as also implied by Ms. Steinfels. She examines and analyzes from historical, philosophical and theological perspectives those features of Western religions which serve to dehumanize women. Her purpose is not to condemn, nor is it merely to name the demons, but it is to construct a philosophy of sisterhood.

Whether or not Ms. Steinfels sees the significance of Dr. Daly's book as I do, she has, in my opinion, in reviewing that book, unjustly discredited Mary Daly by accusing her of "a blind and ignorant assault on the sins and sinners of the past," by calling her book "a symptom of madness," and by implying that Dr. Daly is setting herself up as some kind of holier-than-thou new messiah. None of these accusations is true.

A careful reading of *Beyond God the Father: Toward a Philosophy of Women's Liberation* will, I believe, support my contentions. But because of the gravity of her remarks, I think it incumbent upon Ms. Steinfels to account

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for her irresponsible treatment of the book and of Mary Daly.

(DR.) JOYCE M. MARIEB

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: If Mary Daly's recent *Beyond God the Father* were just another of the general books about women in religion or the Church—like her own earlier book—I would applaud your choice of Margaret O'Brien Steinfels as reviewer [Feb. 1]. Ms. Steinfels' reviews are consistently interesting and perceptive—both readable and thinkable.

But Dr. Daly's new book is a creative theological effort and requires a competent theologian as critic. In looking over my last two issues of *Commonweal* I see that in no other case has a reviewer not been a specialist in the area covered by the book, although Daly's book may well be the most complicated of the lot.

Unfortunately *Commonweal* was not alone in unintentionally downgrading the book. Of the half dozen reviews I have seen, only one was written by what might be called a peer of the author—Martin Marty's in the *Critic*.

This failure to see the woman-question as a serious scholarly area is almost universal, of course. The Catholic Church assumes that only canonical or theological specialists can function on important commissions, but when the subject matter is women, anyone's viewpoint will suffice. ARLENE SWIDLER

Reply

It seems curious to be accused of a hatchet job by defenders of a book in which castration is one of the most enthusiastic images. What was it some patriarch said about those who live by the sword?

But on to matters of importance:

1. My assurances to *Commonweal* readers that I did read Dr. Daly's book. I read it three times; a thoroughness which did not help raise my opinion of the book.

2. *Beyond God the Father* is subtitled *Toward a Philosophy of Women's Liberation*. Dr. Daly is a theologian. The book contains generous servings of history, psychology, and sociology. As accustomed as we have become to theologians mucking about in worldly fields, Dr. Daly outdoes them all. Hence a source of many of the book's exaggerations and misstatements of fact, and hence my outrage at the suggestion that only a theologian should review her book. (If Dr. Farians has been as enlightened as she claims by Dr. Daly's book she would know that 'credentialism' is part of the patriarchal mentality.) *Commonweal* legitimately could have had a theologian, philosopher, historian, psychologist, or sociologist, among, others, review the book. They chose a historian and I say the book is full of spurious history, of history selectively presented to agree with Dr. Daly's feminist views. That is not scholarship, it is polemic.

As a fond student and practitioner of polemic myself, I reject any effort to narrowly confine Dr. Daly's book to the ethereal world of "philosophical works of major importance," or to define it merely as "a creative theological effort." Ladies, it is a broadside. Let us not modestly draw the veils of scholarship about it.

3. Dr. Daly may be trying to construct a philosophy of sisterhood, but, in addition, she is talking about a new religion—a religion that promises to be as authoritarian and narrow-minded as the ones we are presently struggling with; a religion that will not tolerate criticism, if Drs. Marieb's and Farians' letters are any example.

4. I would be less than candid if I did not admit to having felt some hesitancy about my review—hesitancy in the face of the fact that sexism remains endemic in our society and the struggle against it should be supported. But should it be supported at all costs? At the cost of honesty? At the cost of allowing ourselves all those deceits and subtle signs of power against which we are now fighting? Obviously I fancy that I came down on the side of honesty in arguing that Dr. Daly's book misses the mark of where we have been and where we ought to be going. But probably the reliability of that judgment *Commonweal* readers can only gauge after they have read the book, which I urge them to do. With shield and buckler in place, as heretofore advised.

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS

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